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THE POPISH-PLOT AND PLOTTERS CONSIDERED.

By a Loyal PROTESTANT.

Will n't after Ages think it a strange thing,
That th' holy Pope, and the most Christian King,
Should both conspire the World so to afflict,
As doth their Titles clearly contradict?
The Laws of God and Man so to pervert,
As thereby, true Religion so subvert,
Kings to dethrone, teach Subjects to rebell,
And Act such Treasons as are hatch't in Hell,
Set Subjects on to Murther one another,
And tempt the next Heir, to supplant his Brother.
Make Wives disloyal, and all faith be broken,
Leaving all ways to mischief wide and open:
Such horrid Villanies, as far exceed
All what in former Histories we read,
And this comes from the Pope and's Cardinals
Who now resemble much the Cannibals.
Doth this, unholy Father, well agree
With thy pretended Venerable See?
Thy predecessor *Peter*, never taught
Such Rules as these, his Sacred Nets ne're caught,
Souls by such Damned Doctrines, and th' advise
And charge his blessed Master gave him thrice:
Was for to *feed his Sheep*, not once to Sheer,
Much less to flea, or kill his flock so dear

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And deeply purchas'd, whence then hast thou got
Commission thus to teach and practice? Not
What thou should'st doe, but what thou deemest best,
T' advance a wicked worldly interest.
Thy Earthly greatness thou dost so affect,
All Christian Duties thou dost quite neglect.
Thy ancient Predecessors did submit
To dye as Martyrs; never thought it fit
To raise or teach Rebellion, or resist
Superiour Pow'rs, thou now dost what thou list:
Thou hast a two edg'd Sword, and thou hast got
A Triple Crown; thou art a Prince, what not?
Nay more, thou dost exalt thy self above
All that is called God and dost approve,
What God forbids expresly, so I wist,
Thou shew'st thy self to be the *Antichrist*.
Thou now canst tread upon an Emperors Neck
Bring him to hold thy Stirrop, with a check.
As Vicar General, thou canst control
The Universal World; nay every Soul
Must subject be to thy unerring Laws,
Though against all Divine and Human Laws:
Princes thou canst depose, and with thy frown
Trample upon their Sceppers and their Crown,
Absolve their Subjects from all Loyal bands,
Against their Sovereign to lift up their hands,
And him assassinate by Poyson, Knife,
Or any way to rid him of his Life,
Massacre all whom by your Romish Tricks
You falsely have condemn'd as Hereticks,
Nay ruin all, whilst you poor wretches hire
Their Towns and Cities to consume with Fire,
And all these Mischiefs must with you, we see,
As Meritorious accounted be.
You've Pardons, Dispensations, Indulgences,
By which your Charitie (forsooth) Dispences,
With all these Villanies, thus you presume
Beyond what e're St. *Peter* did assume.

And to perſwade your Proſelites to do
Such horrid Acts as theſe, you ſend into
All Chriſtian Countries, from your Helliſh Pit,
Such Prieſts and Jeſuits, as you have made fit
To execute whats'ever you command;
Be 't ne're ſo wicked, they muſt never ſtand
To queſtion it, their Order binds 'em to it;
Therefore what is enjoin'd em, they muſt do it:
A Power which doth out-do the very Devil,
Who can but Tempt, and cannot force to Evil.
And thus authoriz'd, thoſe ill Inſtruments
Proceed accordingly to all intents,
Miſleading ſilly Souls; whilſt blindfold they
On pain of Condemnation muſt Obey,
What theſe grave Fathers teach; and in this wiſe
Over their Conſciences they Tyrannize,
That like the Legion which poſſeſt the ſwine,
They hurry 'em headlong down into the Brine.
But one Deviſe beyond the Devils they
Have got, which is, They can for Money pray
Souls out of Purgatory, thus retreive
They do the Rich, but not the Poor Releive,
So doth their practice, their old Axiom ſolter,
Who hath no Penny, hath no *Pater Noſter*;
Uncharitable Prieſts, thus to return
The Rich from Hell, and leave the poor to burn.
But yet are not the Rich moſt ſilly Aſſes,
To truſt to be redeemed thus by their Maſſes,
Which Mercinary are, and one may doubt
Such matters cannot ſo be brought about?
And when theſe guilty Miſcreants are caught,
And for Notorious Crimes, to Trial brought,
Where Evidence againſt 'em doth appear,
As is the Sun at Noonday, full and clear;
Yet will they ſtill deny what is moſt true,
And ſeek by captious queſtions, ſtrange and new,
T' enſnare the Witneſſes, ſometimes produce
Croſs Witneſſes, ſo (as the Court t' amuſe)

Shall falſely ſwear, as hath been ſeen of late,
By ſuch as ſtrove others to criminate.
Yea, when they 've had all liberty to plead,
Or ſay, or ſwear, or any thing to read;
That juſtly might make for 'em; ne'ertheleſs,
Themſelves as guilty, they would ne're confeſs.
Juſtly therefore Caſt, and Condemned, they
After ſome reſpite being drawn away
To Execution, where good Men ſuppos'd
They ſhould ſpeak truth before their Mouths were clos'd,
Yet there and then, even with their utmoſt breath
They'd plead their Innocence unto the Death.
And charge the Judges, Jurors, and the throng
Of Witneſſes, as having don 'em wrong.
When as twas manifeſt they Guilty were
Of horrid Treaſons, and had Trial fair
And favourable, as the Law would bear.
Their dying ſpeeches I muſt needs confeſs,
My mind with ſome amazement did poſſeſs;
Until I found the evidence was full
'Gainſt every one, and their defence as Null;
As may appear to any one that ſhall
Peruſe their Trials moſt impartial.
Moreover when I ſee and well do weigh
What their own Romiſh Authors write and ſay,
T' inſtruct 'em to æquivocate, when brought
Before a Judge heretical; there's nought
Can ſinful be, when as 'tis to uphold
Their Churches cauſe, therein they may be bold,
Even to the laſt, or elſe they quit the merit
Which by their perſeverance they'l inherit;
And what their Church enjoyns, they to't muſt ſtand,
Or elſe they muſt Eternally be Damn'd.
Beſides, obſerving how all in in one ſence,
Agreed to juſtifie their Innocence.
And firſt, or laſt, how eaſily each Brother
Might there Abſolve and Pardon one another;
I ceas'd to wonder how theſe Men at laſt,
Unto theſe Principles did ſtick ſo faſt.

Yet

Yet ſtill I tremble, with how vile intent
They do abuſe the Holy Sacrament,
T' oblige Men in a Sinful, horrid Plot,
And often to repeat it, that they not
May it reveal; though it be to preſerve
A State from ruine, yet they muſt not ſwerve;
And their Confeſſions too, have ſuch a Seal,
On pain of Hell, none may the ſame reveale
This Father *Garnet*, in the *Powder-Treaſon*,
Did juſtifie; And as he thought, with reaſon.
Good God! theſe Sacred Rites were ſure ordain'd,
Not with ſuch prophanations to be ſtain'd.
And now, thou *Man of Sin*, that ſit'ſt at *Rome*,
From whence theſe vile abominations come,
What reaſon canſt thou give for all theſe Jars,
Rebellions, Treaſons, and thoſe bloody Wares
Which thou haſt rais'd in *Chriſtendom*, the wiles,
Which thou haſt us'd t' invade theſe *Britiſh* Iſles
And ſo to re-annex 'em to thy Chair?
Indeed thy Predeceſſors ſometimes here
Did Tyrannize, 'till (God bethanked) we
Are by his gracious Providence ſet free,
And hope to keep ſo, (Maugre all thy Spight
And ſecret Plots, which God ſtill brings to Light.)
What is't thy Zeal that ſtir'd thee up to this,
For our Souls health and endleſs happineſs?
Away vile Hypocrite, we formerly
Have too much felt thy Fraud, and Cruelty:
And tho Sheeps cloathing thou ſometimes put'ſt on;
We know thou art a Wolf; be gone, be gone.
'Tis not thy Charity, but Intereſt,
That bends thee hitherwards; keep off, 'tis beſt.
We here have Biſhops, and as Learned Men
As thou haſt any there, what need we then,
Call home thy Agents that here act thy Prize,
And thoſe that ſuffer, thou mayſt Canonize;
Their Merit ſure was great, they ſtuck ſtill faſt
To thy Commands unto the very laſt.

O! 'twas a brave Deſign, had it ſucceeded,
It no Apologie would then have needed,
Such high attempts ſeem ſtrange, but when Men ſee
Them throughly acted, they'l applauded be,
For though the Fact ſeem foul, yet when 'tis paſt,
Succeſs clears all, and Crowns the work at laſt,
So ſaid a Traitor of the *Powder-Plot*,
And ſure that ſaying was not now forgot
'Mongſt your Complotters: Had what you deſign'd
Taken effect according to your mind,
What Triumphs had there been at Rome 'mongſt all
Who would have gloried in our diſmal fall?
The *French* Maſſacre (though it bloody was)
Had not been comparable to 't, alaſs!
That was but partial, ours, had bin, no doubt,
An univerſal Slaughter, quite throughout
This woful Nation, neither Sex, nor Age,
Had ſcap'd the fury of your bloody Rage;
'Twas ſo deſign'd, prepar'd, and ſo expected,
But (God be thanked) in due time detected,
And ſo prevented; for which mercy, we
Have cauſe for evermore thankful to be.

And are not you, vile Monſters, now aſham'd
Of your dark Deviliſh Plots, ſcarce to be nam'd
'Mongſt Chriſtian Profeſſors? have you made
Such Murdrous actions now to be the Trade
Of your Religion? fye, for ſhame give over,
Since it doth ſo much wickedneſs diſcover,
As all good Chriſtians deteſt you for it,
Yea very *Turks* and *Pagans* do abhor it;
No wonder if the *Indians* did fear
To go to Hea'ven, if *Papiſts* ſhould be there.
But if you ſhould proceed, you'l ſhew us then
You are more like to Devils, than to Men,
And we ſhall wiſh, if you more Plots invent,
That you may have *Perillus* puniſhment.

And thou moſt Chriſtian, but Un-chriſtian King,
Miſled by *Rome*, what comfort will it bring

To

To thy departing Soul, when it shall find
What sad Memorials here it leaves behind
To be accounted for? Towns, Cities burn'd,
All *Christendom* into confusion hurl'd
By thy ambitious Sword, how Christian blood
Th'ast made to flow in all Parts like a flood;
How many Widows, and poor Fatherless
Children th'ast made, and left in great distress:
And canst thou Glory now in any wise,
In these thy bloody, dear-bought Victories?
A mighty troubler of the world thou'st bin,
Will after Ages say, and count that Sin
Which thou esteem'st thy Glory. Thy high stile
Proclaims thee *Christian* wilt thou all the while
To the dishonour of that Sacred Name,
And so thy Title, and Profession shame?
Hast not thou room enough to exercise
Thy power in, but further Tyrannize?
Hath not our Blessed Saviour taught us plain,
That if 't were possible for one to gain
The whole World to him, and should thereby lose
His precious Soul, 't were Wisdom to refuse
Such an ill bargain, an exchange so vile,
That all the World cannot it reconcile?
And canst thou think thy state shall so turnabout,
That thou for these things shat't not give account?
Vain Man! thy Greatness will avail thee nought,
But aggarvate when tha'rt to judgment brought.
Consider this, and how you shortly must
Dye, and return unto the common Dust,
And whose shall those things be, for which you so
Adventure all? think on't ere hence you go.
Great *Alexanders* Empire soon was rent
In pieces, therefore seek no such Extent;
Let not Ambition hurry thee to such
Extremes, already thou hast done too much;
Give not the *Turk* just cause to say, and see,
That Christian Princes still will disagree.

Great

Great *Charls* the Fifth in's latter days did well,
T' inclose himself in a Religious Cell:
There to consider e're from hence he went,
How he his former days in War had spent:
Surely such as much Christian blood have spilt,
Need deep Repentance to wash off the Guilt.

Trust not to *Romish* Dispensations, or
Their Pardons, or their Absolutions, for
They are but vain, and will not do the deed,
But fail you when you stand in greatest need.
And for their Authors, they are not so just,
That you should them too confidently trust
For this Life, or another; can you yet
Their vile Assassinations forget,
Committed on your Ancestors, even by
Two *Romish* Votaries, that came too nigh
Those Royal Persons? and what now they do,
Or would do here in *England*, that they too
Will act elsewhere, as they occasion find,
Or as their Hellish Leader shall 'em blind;
There is no trust where Interest assails,
And 'gainst Religion too, too oft prevails.
They love this World too much, there is no sheild
Where Piety to Policy must yeild.

God give all Christian Princes Eyes to see
Their danger, and how their Dissentions be
Th' advantage of the common Enemy,
And of those Popelings to beware, that lye
In wait for mischief, and to work their Ends,
Under a false pretence of being friends;
And let us jointly pray with one accord,
From *Turk* and *Pope*, defend us still, good Lord.

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